

# The *SECOND PART* of the NEW FESTINO SONG BOOK

AND

YOUNG MEN and MAID'S DELIGHT,  
Or, The MERRY SONGSTER'S COMPANION;



## CONTAINING

Nancy's Complaint for her sweetheart Rural Felicity.

Jemmy.

The Rosy Dimpled Boy.

Anna.—A favourite Irish Song.

The Ramilies.

The London flower.

Billy and Molly's parting.

The maiden's lamentation for the loss of her sweetheart, gone to America.

Content. A new song.

Guardian angels.

Celia's complaint for the loss of her shepherd.

The unfortunate swain.

I wish the wars were all over.

Molly's courtship to sweet William.

The Storm; or Captains of the Sea.

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N.B. Country Orders faithfully executed.

*Nancy's Complaint for her sweet-heart  
Jemmy.*

**N**ancy for her sweetheart weeping  
To the Gods she did implore,  
Heavens from each danger keep him  
Return him to his native shore.  
O cruel press-gang to impress him,  
Thus they've rob'd me of my dear  
O ye Gods, how I'd caress him,  
If my true love was but here.  
Tall and comely in behaviour,  
Genteel his air and mein,  
Sure such wicked men were never,  
Thust to press my faithful swain.  
In those arms with soft embraces,  
On my breast his head he'd lay,  
Sure no shepherd had such graces,  
But my Jemmy's fore'd away.  
Neptune with thy aid befriend him  
While he's on the raging main,  
From his enemies defend him,  
Bring him safe to me again.  
Cease rude boreas cease thy Bluster  
Give the troubled Ocean cease,  
All the softest breezes muster,  
Wast him gently o'er the seas.  
When please God returns my Jemmy  
To some neighbouring church  
we'll lie, [me,  
There the priest his hand shall give  
And in wedlock bands us tie  
We the mutual bliss enjoying,  
On the plains will tend our sheep  
Each night with melting kisses cloying  
Till we gently fall asleep.

*The Rosy Dimpled Boy. A new Song.*

**C**ome thou rosy dimpled Boy,  
Source of every heart felt joy  
Leave the blissful bowers a while,  
Paphos and the Cyprian Isle,  
Visit Britain's rocky shore,  
Britons who thy powers adore,

Britons hardy, bold and free,  
Own thy laws and yield to thee,  
Source of every heart felt joy,  
Come thou rosy dimpled boy.  
Haste to Sylvia, haste away,  
This is thine and Hymen's day,  
Bid her thy soft bandage wear,  
Bid her for loves rites prepare,  
Let the nymphs with many a flower  
Deck the sacred nuptial bower,  
Thither lead the lovely fair,  
And let Hymen too be there,  
This is thine and Hymen's day  
Haste to Sylvia haste away.

Only while we love we live,  
Love alone can pleasure give,  
Pomp and power and tinsel state  
Those false pageants of the great  
Crowns and scepters, envied things  
And the pride of Eastern kings,  
Are but childish empty toys,  
When compar'd to love's sweet joy  
Love alone can pleasure give,  
Only while we love and live.

*Anna, a Favourite Irish Song*

**S**hepherds I have lost my love,  
Have you seen my, Anna,  
Pride of every shady grove,  
Upon the banks of Banna,  
I for her my home forsook,  
Near yon misty mountain,  
Lest my flock my pipe my crook  
Greenwood shade and fountain  
Never shall I see them more  
Until her returning,  
All the joys of life are o'er,  
From gladness chang'd to moan-  
ning.

Whither is my charmer flown,  
Shepherds tell me whither,  
Ah woe for me perhaps she's gone  
For ever, and for ever.



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*I wish the Wars were all over.* [blue

**D**own in the meadows the violets so  
There i saw pretty Polly milking  
her cow, [grove ring,  
The song which she sung made all the  
My Billy is gone and left me to serve  
the king.

*And I wish that the wars were all over.*  
I slept up to her and made her this  
reply, [you to cry,

And said my dear Polly what makes  
My Billy is gone from me whom I love  
so dear,

The Americans will kill him, so great  
is my fear. *And, &c.*

I said my dear Polly, can you fancy me  
I'll make you as happy as happy can be  
No, no, sir, said she, that never can be  
I ne'er shall be happy 'till my Billy I  
see, *And, &c.*

Standing amaz'd to hear what she said,  
The small birds a singing on every  
green tree, [ingale notes

The notes that she sung were night-  
How the lark and the linner warble  
their throat, *And, &c.*

I now for my parents no longer can stay  
To seek my Billy I'll haste and away  
To see if my Billy will make me his  
wife,

Free for his sake i will, venture my  
life, *And, &c.*

Now to some taylor I'll haste and away  
To rig myself out in some young  
man's array,

Like a bold fellow so neat and so trim  
So free for his sake I'll go serve the  
King. *And, &c.*

*Molly's Courtship to Sweet William.*

**T**WAS on one Summers morning,  
The fourteenth day of May,

The Norfolk split her cable  
To Spithead sail'd away,

The Sun did shine most glorious  
To Spithead we were bound

The hills and fields were lined  
With pretty girls around.

There was a youthful damsel,

All in her blooming years

Made woeful lamentation,

Her eyes were full of tears

'Twas for her best beloved,

As you soon shall understand,

Who had a mind to travel

Into some foreign land.

She little thought of Parting

With her own heart's delight

Until he came and told her

He must go out to fight

For to defend the Nation

The land that we are in ;

And as he did salute her

These words she did begin

O marry me sweet William

O marry me I Pray ;

My heart is full of Sorrow,

As very well it may

The cause of all my weeping

To you it is well known

O marry me sweet William

And leave me not alone,

If I should meet a damsel,

That's charming, fair and gay,

To whom I take a fancy,

Molly what would you say,

Would you not be offended,

No no, I 'd love her too,

I'd step aside sweet William

While she did pleasure you,

Well answered, dearest Molly

These Words are very kind

They are so fine and pleasant

They always shall be mine

When we are in a battle

What will you do there then

For we are all brave Soldiers,

And valiant fighting men

When cannons they are roaring

And bullets that do fly,

With drums and trumpets Sounding

To drown the dismal cry

And soldiers lie bleeding

A dismal sight to see,

O stay at home sweet Molly

And do not go to Sea.  
 O do not talk of danger  
 For love I do design.  
 To see the line of battle  
 And there to spend my time;  
 Along with you I'll venture;  
 All for Old England's pride,  
 And fear no kind of danger  
 Whilst I lay by your side.

*The STORM, or, the Dangers of the Sea.*

C Bafe rude Boreas, blustering railer  
 Lift ye landmen all to me,  
 Mess-mates hear a Brother Sailor,  
 Sing the dangers of the sea,  
 From bounding billows, first in mo-  
 tion, [rile,

When the distant Whirlwinds  
 To the tempest troubled ocean,  
 Where the seas contend with skies  
 Hark the Boatswain hoarsely bawling  
 By top-sail-sheets, and haulyards  
 stand;

Down top gallants quick be hawling  
 Handy your stay sails hand boyshand.  
 Now it freshens, set the braces.

The top sail-sheets, amain let go  
 Luff, boys luff, don't make wry faces  
 Up your top-sails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down beds sporting  
 fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,

Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,  
 Safe from all but loves alarms;

Round us roars the tempest louder,  
 Think what fears our minds en-  
 thrall,

Harder yet, it blows harder, **10 IV 52**

Now again the boatswain calls!  
 The top-sail yards point to the wind  
 boys,

See all clear to reef each course,  
 Let the foresheet go, don't mind boys

Tho' the weather should be worse  
 Fore and aft the spritsail yard get,

Reef the mizen, see all clear,  
 Hands up, each preventer brace set;

Man the foreyard, cheer lads cheer.  
 Now the dreadful thunder roaring,

Peal on peal contending clash  
 On our heads fierce rainfalls pouring  
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash;  
 One wide water all around us  
 All above us one black sky,  
 Different deaths at once surround us  
 Hark what means that dreadful cry  
 The foremast's gone cries every  
 tongue out, [deck;

O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove  
 A leak beneath the chest tree's  
 sprung out,

Call all hands to clear the wreck,  
 Quick, the lanyards cut to pieces,

Come my hearts be stout and bold  
 Plumb the well, the leak encreases,

Four feet water in the hold.  
 While o'er the ship, wild waves are  
 beating

We for wives, or children mourn  
 Alas from hence there's no retreat-  
 ing,

Alas, from thence there's no return  
 Still the leak is gaining on us,

Both chain pumps are choke'd be-  
 low

Heaven have mercy here upon us,  
 For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee beam is the land boys;  
 Let the guns o'er board be throw

To the pump come every hand boy  
 See our mizen mast is gone,

The leak we've found, it cant pou  
 fast,

We've lighten'd her afoot or more  
 Up and rigg a jury foremast,

She rights, she rights boys, we're  
 off shore

Now once more on joys we're think  
 ing,

Since kind fortune sav'd our lives  
 Come the can boys, let's be drinkin

To our sweet-hearts and our wives  
 Fill it up about ship wheel it,

Close to our lips a brimer join,  
 Where's the tempest w who fear

None, the dangers drown'd di

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